THE COURIER

RALPH TEDESCO J.G. MIRANDA BRYAN VALENZA

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THE COURIER

FROM THE ASHES

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In the middle of the 21st century, a devastating man-made virus wiped out most of the world's population. In the process, the virus transformed some of the survivors into subhuman monstrosities called "Primals."

Over the next few decades, the Primal population grew rapidly and highly-guarded strongholds—called sectors—were erected throughout the former United States in order to separate human from subhuman. These newly formed pristine cities are where the rich, powerful, and able-bodied now reside. However, the vast wasteland in between each sector is an extremely dangerous and unforgiving place where gangs and raiders roam, and Primals hunt in packs. Meanwhile, the sick and underprivileged try to survive outside the safe confines of the sectors, and are forced to live in poorly-guarded communes that exist throughout different areas of the wasteland.

Couriers are the key to trade in the new world. They are paid handsomely to risk their lives delivering goods between sectors and communes...Eve Harper is the best there is. This is her story.

ISSUE ONE

THE COURIER

RALPH TEDESCO J.G. MIRANDA BRYAN VALENZA

FROM THE ASHES

2097 A.D.

WASTELANDS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN SECTORS 7 AND 9.

10 MILES SOUTH OF WHAT WAS FORMERLY AUGUSTA, GA, USA.

SPECTER

I DON'T LIKE THESE ASSHOLES.

CRUZ IS ALRIGHT.

LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK, BRO. IN AND OUT.

JUST DON'T SAY ANYTHING. LET ME DEAL WITH THEM.

SPECTERS

RISE

COLVIN, IT'S BEEN A WHILE.

SURE HAS, CRUZ.

SPECTERS

STEO

I SEE YOUR BROTHER'S STILL A DICK.

FAMILY. CAN'T KILL 'EM.

IT'S ALL HERE, CRAZY HORSE. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT.

CAN WE GET A COUNT?

WHEN YOU TWO ARE FINISHED FLIRTING, WE SHOULD GET MOVING. WE'RE SITTING DUCKS OUT HERE. PRIMALS CAN SMELL OUR SWEAT FROM OVER A MILE AWAY.

MAYBE THEY CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR.

FUNNY, ASSHOLE.

THEN LET'S MOVE IT IF YOU'RE SO WORRIED ABOUT PRIMALS...

NAH. TELL HIM TO HAND THE GOODS OVER FIRST.

DON'T BE DIFFICULT, MAN. JUST HAND THE BAG OVER SO THEY CAN COUNT IT.

WHATEVER.

SORRY, BRO. I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD GO DOWN LIKE THIS.

WHAT?

SHIT.

GIVE US THE SHIT. NOW.

WHAT IS THIS? YOU SERIOUS, COLVIN?

JANSEN, PUT THE FUCKIN' GUN DOWN!

NO WAY, BRO. WE AIN'T GIVING SHIT TO THESE TWATS. WE'RE TAKING SHIT TODAY.

AHHHH!

BRRR BRRR BRRR

YOU'RE GONNA DIE FOR THIS.

BLAM

BAH!!

KRAK

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM

I GOTCHA, BOSS.

PRIMALS!

BLAM

BLAM

LET'S MOVE!

THIS AIN'T OVER!

BLAM

WHAP WHAP

HOW'D I DO?

PLAYBACK INITIATED.

WELL, I'M NO BRUCE LEE.

BRUCE LEE WAS BORN ONE HUNDRED FIFTY SIX YEARS, TEN MONTHS AND FOUR DAYS AGO.

THANKS FOR THAT CRUCIAL INFO, ARTIE.

JUST MAKING CONVERSATION. AS YOU STATED, IT KEEPS YOUR MIND SHARP DUE TO YOUR LACK OF SOCIAL INTERACTION.

I ALSO SENSE YOUR SARCASM IS IMPECCABLE AS ALWAYS, SO I BELIEVE IT'S WORKING.

JERROD GLASS CALLING.

ANSWER.

EVE. GOT AN URGENT JOB FOR YOU IF YOU WANT IT. KINDA RISKY. I WON'T LIE.

IT'S BEEN DEAD, JERROD. I'LL TAKE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING SHORT OF A TRIP TO SECTOR 3.

CAN YOU BE HERE, LIKE, TEN MINUTES AGO?

Sector 7 aka "TAR HEEL." Formerly Charlotte, NC.

POPULATION 19,988.

IT'S HARPER. WANNA OPEN UP?

WHAT DO YOU GOT FOR ME?

FORGET ABOUT IT, HARPER. I GOT HERE FIRST.

WHAT THE FUCK, JERROD?

SERIOUSLY. A TIME-SENSITIVE PACKAGE IN MILLER'S HANDS? BETTER OFF SENDING A BLIND SQUIRREL.

I TOLD YOU IT WAS TIME SENSITIVE, EVE. WHAT, YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY RUNNER OUT THERE?

TELL ME, EVE. WHAT MAKES YOU SO DAMN SPECIAL?

YELP

MY GRIP.

OKAY CHILL, MAN. CHILL!

JESUS, YOU'RE A REAL BITCH!

RIGHT BACK AT YA.

PLEASE SHUT UP! BOTH OF YA.

I NEED ONE OF YOU TO TAKE A PACKAGE OF MEDS TO A COMPOUND IN AUGUSTA. YOU'LL BE DELIVERING TO THE SPECTERS. THEIR LEADER WAS SHOT EARLIER TODAY DURING A TRADE GONE WRONG. HE'S IN BAD SHAPE.

COLVIN?

YOU KNOW HIM?

YEAH, I KNOW HIM.

FUCK THIS. YOU CAN HAVE IT. I DON'T MAKE DELIVERIES TO GANGS. ALL YOU END UP WITH IS A BULLET TO THE HEAD. THANKS FOR TUGGING AT MY DICK, JERROD.

WHAT'S IT PAY?

DEAL IS FOR TWENTY-TWO-HUNDRED CREDITS. MY GUY GETS FIFTEEN OF THAT, YOUR TAKE IS SEVEN... WANT IT OR NOT? I GOTTA WALKIE THEM BACK AND LET THEM KNOW.

ARE THEY GOOD FOR THAT SORT OF COIN?

NOT SURE. BUT YOU TAKE THE GIG, YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PACKAGE. DON'T SHOW YOUR FACE BACK IN TAR HEEL WITHOUT THE MONEY OR YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN.

I'M OUT. GOOD LUCK, HARPER. DON'T DIE TOO FAST... MAYBE TRY AND SUFFER A BIT FIRST.

I'LL TAKE IT.

FULL!!

TIME TO ROLL, ARTIE.

GET ME A ROUTE.

FASTEST OR SAFEST?

WELL, I DON'T WANT ANY COMPANY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE ASKING.

AS YOU WISH.

STOP QUOTING *THE PRINCESS BRIDE*.

YOU SAID THE BEST WAY TO LEARN ABOUT HUMAN INTERACTION IS THROUGH MOVIES.

WELL, I WAS WRONG.

PACK OF PRIMAL ACTIVITY FOUR MILES DUE NORTHWEST. COURSE IS SAFE FOR NOW. ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL AT CURRENT LAND SPEED: FOUR HOURS SEVENTEEN MINUTES.

STAY UP HIGH FOR THE TIME BEING, WILL YOU?

AS YOU WISH.

WE'RE FINDING YOU A NEW CATCHPHRASE.

Augusta Compound.

I WAS ABLE TO REMOVE THE BULLET BUT WE'RE IN A TOUCH AND GO STAGE. I REALLY NEED THOSE MEDS.

THEY'RE COMING. JUST DO YOUR JOB AND KEEP HIM ALIVE.

DID YOU REALLY NEED TO PULL THAT SHIT BACK THERE? THE TRADE WAS GOING TO WORK OUT JUST FINE--

BACK OFF, ANT. I'M IN NO MOOD.

IT WAS STUPID--

I SAID I'M IN NO MOOD.

WE'RE GOING TO TREAT YOUR BROTHER AS BEST WE CAN, AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE FOR THE TIME BEING, BUT SOME OF YOUR PEOPLE ARE... THEY'RE MAKING THEMSELVES TOO COMFORTABLE.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS. WE'LL HELP YOU, BUT I JUST ASK THAT YOU HELP ME OUT. I ASSUME YOU'RE IN CHARGE NOW.

DAMN RIGHT... SO WHAT'S IT WORTH TO YOU, GORGEOUS?

WHAT?

ME TALKING TO MY PEOPLE FOR YOU.

I'M JUST JOKIN', SWEETHEART. I'LL TALK TO MY CREW. YOU JUST KEEP MY BROTHER ALIVE AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR SOON ENOUGH.

HEY, BABY.

HEY, GIRL.

HOW'S COLVIN?

HE'S HANGIN' IN. THIS IS MY FAULT. I SHOULDA JUST--

DON'T DO THAT, JANSEN. WE DID WHAT WE NEEDED TO DO...

AND NO DISRESPECT TO YOUR BROTHER, BUT LET'S BE HONEST, HE'S NOT FIT TO LEAD ANYMORE. HE TREATS YOU LIKE HIS BITCH WHEN WE ALL KNOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO TAKE OVER.

Three hours later...

120

YOU SHOULD SLOW DOWN, EVE. THERE'S A LOT OF DEBRIS UP AHEAD.

I'M ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE HERE. I CAN MANEUVER AROUND SOME DEBRIS.

I ADVISE USING CAUTION.

FINE. I'M SLOWING DOWN.

THANK YOU.

SHIIIIIT.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

YEAH. JUST A BRUISED EGO.

I DON'T THINK THAT'S POSSIBLE. IS THAT A SAYING?

CAN YOU COME CHECK FOR DAMAGE?

YES. NOT TO COMPOUND THE PROBLEM, BUT I WILL NEED TO DOCK AGAIN SOON. MY CHARGE IS LOW.

YOUR FRONT TIRE HAS A SLIGHT TEAR IN IT. WE'LL NEED TO PATCH.

I'M TRYING OUT SARCASM. IT'S ACTUALLY A REALLY BIG TEAR.

IS THAT A JOKE? YOU SAID SLIGHT TEAR.

STOP USING SARCASM.

EVE, WE HAVE MOVEMENT AT TEN O'CLOCK.

SHIT. IS THAT THE ONLY ONE?

PRIMALS ROAM IN PACKS. THERE IS A 93.6 PERCENT CHANCE THERE ARE SEVERAL MORE INSIDE.

LET ME KNOW IF HE MOVES.

INSTA FOAM

HE HAS COMPANY.

THIS IS A BAD TEAR. I'M NOT SURE--

WE NEED TO GO, EVE.

SNF
SNFF

SNORT

GNRR

GRNN

GRNT

HOW FAR?

SIXTY YARDS AND MOVING FAST.

THWIP!

ROARRR!!!

BLAM

DAMMIT.

HGH!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

TO BE
CONTINUED...

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #1 • COVER A

Artwork by Drew Edward Johnson • Colors by Ceci de la Cruz

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #1 • COVER B

Artwork by Robert Atkins • Colors by Erick Arciniega

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #1 • COVER C

Artwork by Anthony Spay • Colors by Sanju Nivangune

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #1 • COVER D

Artwork by Allan Otero • Colors by Jorge Cortes

ISSUE TWO

THE COURIER

RALPH TEDESCO J.G. MIRANDA BRYAN VALENZA

FROM THE ASHES

ALLAN OTERO 2016
GROSTIETA

SHREEEEK!

CRAP.

KRAK

KRASH!

SHREEEEK!

SCHK

KRUNCH

MMMPH!

SERIOUSLY?

VRROOM

HOLY SHIT.

BANG!

THAT TIRE MAY NOT HOLD VERY LONG.

JUST NEEDS TO GET US A FEW MILES FROM THESE THINGS AND I'LL TRY AND PATCH IT AGAIN. SAY A PRAYER, WILL YA?

IN WHICH RELIGION?

FIGURE OF SPEECH, ARTIE. FIGURE OF SPEECH.

I FUCKED UP BAD.

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, BABY. YOU GOT THE STUFF. LUCAS WILL GIVE US FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOR THAT STASH ONCE WE GET TO SECTOR NINE. WE REPLACE THE CREDITS YOU BORROWED FROM THE CREW, AND NOBODY KNOWS--

YOU TOOK THE CREDITS.

WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?

SEMANTICS, BABY. SEMANTICS.

LISTEN. WE GOT A GOOD THING GOING HERE...

NOW TAKE THIS, AND IN FIVE MINUTES YOU'LL REMEMBER EXACTLY WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO.

WHO ARE YOU?

I GOTTA DELIVERY FOR THE SPECTERS.

NAME?

EVE HARPER.

LET HER THROUGH.

YOU'RE AN HOUR LATE.

YEAH, WELL, I HIT TRAFFIC.

HUH?

FORGET IT.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT...

MMMM. GOOD. GOOD. VERY GOOD.

HOW'S HE HOLDING UP?

WE'LL SEE. THIS IS A NICE START.

WHO'S IN CHARGE WHILE HE'S OUT OF COMMISSION?

ME.

I NEED TWENTY TWO HUNDRED FOR THE SUPPLIES.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO?

HIS BROTHER COULD BE DYING, AND YOU'RE LATE WITH THE SUPPLIES. YOU GET PAID WHEN HE PULLS THROUGH.

THOUGHT YOU WERE IN CHARGE...

SHE DELIVERS MY MESSAGES.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I WAS LATE. THAT'S ON ME. IF HE MAKES IT, I WANT FULL PAYMENT. IF NOT, I TAKE HALF AND THE REMAINING MEDS BACK--

YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO CALL THE SHOTS.

THAT'S MORE THAN FAIR. I JUST MADE A RUN IN FIVE HOURS THAT WOULD TAKE EVERY OTHER COURIER OUT THERE AT LEAST TWELVE. AND IF YOU EVER WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH TAR HEEL AGAIN, YOU'LL TAKE THAT DEAL.

WHO'S THAT BITCH THINK SHE IS?

YOU THE COURIER?

YEAH.

THE GUY IN THERE, JANSEN. HE'S NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD.

HE'S ON SOMETHING. HIS EYES WERE DILATED AS HELL. THE GIRL'S CALLING THE SHOTS ANYWAY.

WELL, BE CAREFUL, THEY OUTNUMBER YOU ABOUT THIRTY TO ONE.

MEH. I'VE SURVIVED WORSE ODDS.

I DIDN'T OFFICIALLY INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M RENATA. I RUN THIS SHITHOLE.

EVE. OR HARPER. WHICHEVER YOU PREFER.

I NEED MY TIRE FIXED. YOUR MAN AT THE FRONT GATE SAID YOU HAVE A MECHANIC.

SMITH... HE'S OLD AND CRANKY, BUT HE GETS THE JOB DONE. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.

BUT FIRST, LET ME HAVE SOMEONE CHECK THAT. WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

FUCKIN' PRIMALS. RAN INTO A PACK ON MY WAY HERE.

SHIT. YOU WEREN'T LYING ABOUT SURVIVING WORSE ODDS.

THE DOC IS BUSY ON COLVIN, BUT MOOSE IS GOOD WITH A NEEDLE AND THREAD. I'LL HAVE HIM CHECK IT OUT.

NOT TOO BAD. YOU'RE LUCKY. SOME STITCHES SHOULD DO THE JOB. BUT YOU NEED TO KEEP THIS THING CLEAN SO IT DOESN'T GET INFECTED. I THINK WE HAVE SOME ANTIBIOTIC CREAM.

HEY, UH, GIRL.

HEY, UH, BOY...

COLVIN'S AWAKE. HE ASKED TO SEE YOU.

I'M A LITTLE PREOCCUPIED, BUT I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I'M DONE.

MAKE IT QUICK.

CHARMER. THINK HE'S SINGLE?

NOW THAT'S FUNNY.

I'M A REGULAR COMEDIAN.

LEAVE US ALONE.

YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER?

WE GO BACK.

I'M RIGHT OUTSIDE IF YOU NEED ME, BRO.

THANK GOD YOU SURVIVED... I REALLY NEED THAT MONEY.

THAT'S WHAT I WANNA TALK TO YOU ABOUT.

TAP
TAP
YOU LOOK GOOD. ALL GROWN UP.
LAST I SAW YOU, YOU WERE MAYBE FIFTEEN...
IT'S BEEN A WHILE, HUH?
FIFTEEN GOING ON FIFTY.
IT'S A MIRACLE TO SURVIVE PAST THIRTY IN THIS WORLD. NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS, I GUESS... GOTTA GROW UP FAST.
SPECTERS RISE
THEY SAY APOCALYPSE-CAUSING VIRUSES HAVE THAT EFFECT ON PEOPLE.
WOULDA THOUGHT YOU LINKED UP WITH A CREW BY NOW.
I'M BETTER ALONE, COLVIN. NO ATTACHMENTS TO WEIGH ME DOWN. IT'S HOW I LIKE IT.
SAME OLD EVE.
SPECTERS
WE DO WHAT WE HAVE TO IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.

LISTEN. I DON'T THINK WE HAVE THE CREDITS TO PAY YOU. MY THINKING IS MY BROTHER SPENT IT ELSEWHERE. THAT'S WHY I'M IN THIS SPOT TO BEGIN WITH.

COLVIN, I OWE YOU FOR HELPING ME WHEN I WAS A KID AND THAT'S REALLY WHY I TOOK THIS JOB. BUT I NEED TO GET PAID--

HE STOLE A BAG OF PRODUCT FROM THIS GANG THAT CALLS THEMSELVES THE NATIVES. IT'S WORTH A LOT. AT LEAST FIVE TIMES WHAT YOU'RE OWED. I'M GONNA TELL JANSEN TO GIVE YOU A CUT SO YOU CAN TRADE IT.

SORRY. BEST I CAN DO.

PUTTING ME IN A BAD SPOT...

WELL, IF YOU DON'T PULL THROUGH, I'M PRETTY SURE I WON'T GET SHIT FROM YOUR BROTHER. SO MAKE SURE YOU HEAL UP.

IT'LL TAKE A LOT MORE THAN A GUNSHOT TO TAKE ME OUT.

FAIR ENOUGH.

DO ME A FAVOR AND ASK MY BROTHER TO COME IN HERE SO I CAN TELL HIM WHAT'S WHAT.

BIG BRO WANTS TO SEE YOU.

SPECTERS

HOPE YOU TWO LOVERS HAD A GOOD TIME IN THERE.

V.P.

FJR

HOLD ON, BABY.

REMEMBER THIS FEELING.

WHAT FEELING?

OF BEING ON TOP.

UNTIL COLVIN'S BETTER... SO WHAT?

YOU DESERVE THIS. JUST DON'T EVER FORGET THAT.

HOW YOU FEELIN'?

SHOT.

YEAH... ABOUT THAT...

SHUT THE FUCK UP. NO EXCUSES THIS TIME, JANSEN.

WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?

YOU GOT ME SHOT! YOU FUCKED UP OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE NATIVES. THAT WOULDA PROVEN FRUITFUL. INSTEAD, WE MADE ANOTHER ENEMY.

EVER SINCE WE INITIATED THAT WOMAN OF YOURS, SHE'S GOTTEN IN YOUR HEAD.

SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

SHE'S OUT. AND YOU'RE GOIN' ON TRIAL.

WHAT?! YOU CAN'T--

DAMN RIGHT I CAN. SO DEAL WITH IT.

THIS IS BULLSHIT!

IS THIS A JOKE?

THAT GIRL OUT THERE, EVE, SHE RISKED HER LIFE TO SAVE MINE SO YOU BETTER DO RIGHT BY HER! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE TO REST.

AND YOU PAY THE COURIER DOUBLE WHAT YOU OWE OUT OF WHAT YOU STOLE FROM THE NATIVES.

I HEARD EVERYTHING. YOU CAN'T LET HIM CUT ME LOOSE LIKE THAT!

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

WHAT?

THE CREW. THEY HEAR ANY OF THAT?

NO, THEY'RE SPREAD OUT-- PROBABLY LOOKING FOR SUPPLIES AND AMMO...

GIMME YOUR KNIFE.

HURRY THE FUCK UP!

WATCH THE ENTRANCE! NOBODY GETS IN!

IT'S BEEN A GOOD RIDE, BROTHER. BUT YOUR TIME'S COME TO AN END.

MMMMMH!!!

COLVIN... WHAT DID I DO?

Y-YOU BETRAY ME LIKE THIS... CAIN.

I'M SORRY.

TAKE CARE OF THIS.

I NEED THE DOCTOR! NOW! WHERE'S THE FUCKING DOCTOR?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

YOU NEED TO HELP HIM... THE COURIER STABBED HIM! THAT BITCH!

HARPER!!

WHAT'S WRONG?

SHE STABBED HIM, MAN. THE COURIER FUCKIN' KILLED COLVIN.

WHAT?!

FIND HER NOW!

WELL, I NEED THE TIRE FIXED AT SOME POINT TODAY.

I'LL TELL HIM TO GET TO IT ONCE HE WAKES UP.

I CAN DO IT MYSELF IF YOU JUST LET ME--

OH NO. SMITH DOESN'T LIKE ANYONE TOUCHIN' HIS TOOLS.

HEY!

JANSEN WANTS TO SQUARE UP.

I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW. TELL YOUR HUSBAND I'LL PAY DOUBLE IF HE HAS IT DONE BEFORE NINETEEN HUNDRED.

AFTER YOU.

YOU WANNA LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER SECOND, I'D DROP THAT GUN.

LET ME GUESS. YOU DON'T HAVE THE MONEY... DIDN'T YOU TALK TO COLVIN?

KINDA HARD TO TALK TO A DEAD MAN. 'SPECIALLY ONE YOU KILLED!

WHAT?

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU TAKING ME?

SHUT UP!

YOU KNOW COLVIN AND I ARE FRIENDS, RIGHT? I DIDN'T KILL HIM.

STRING HER UP HERE. THEN GO GRAB JANSEN.

DON'T WANT OUR HOSTS TO BE BOTHERED BY YOUR SCREAMS.

KRAK

I AIN'T EVEN GONNA WAIT FOR JANSEN. LET'S START WITH THIS BITCH'S EYE.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #2 • COVER A

Artwork by Drew Edward Johnson • Colors by Ceci de la Cruz

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #2 • COVER B

Artwork by Allan Otero • Colors by Grostieta

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #2 • COVER C

Artwork by Mike Krome • Colors by Ula Mos

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #2 • COVER D

Artwork by Robert Atkins • Colors by Wes Hartman

ISSUE THREE

THE COURIER

RALPH TEDESCO J.G. MIRANDA BRYAN VALENZA

FROM THE ASHES

BUT WHAT ABOUT MOMMY?

JUST RUN, LIAM.

GET IN.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I'M GONNA FIND MOM.

I'M SCARED.

DON'T BE. YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE.

GET OFF HER!

EVE! ARE YOU OKAY?

MOM!

MOMMA!

COME ON, JOHN!

IT'S EVE. HER MOTHER'S DEAD!

LEAVE HER! YOU HAVE A FAMILY TO WORRY ABOUT! THERE'S NO TIME.

I'M SORRY.

WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING.

THEY'LL KILL US, MAN.

A REAL MAN WOULDN'T HAVE TO TIE A GIRL UP TO HAVE HIS WAY...

YOU WANT A REAL MAN? I'LL GIVE YOU--

FOLLOW MY LEAD.

WAIT--

NOBODY MOVE!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

UNTIE THE GIRL!

I'LL KILL YOU IF I HAVE TO.

SHE'S ALL YOURS.

CUT HER DOWN, FRANKLIN.

PICK UP THE PACE.

YOU NEVER SHOT A HUMAN BEING, HAVE YOU? IT'S NOT LIKE HUNTING FOR DEER, KID.

SHUT UP.

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS GIRL DID? SHE'S DANGEROUS--

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! I MEAN IT.

COME ON, KID. STOP MESSING AROUND. GIMME THE GUN AND WE'LL LET YOU TWO--

BLAM

LUCAS!

BLAM

AAAHH!!

BLAM

LUCAS!

STAY WITH ME, MAN.

YOU LET THE OTHER ONE GET AWAY?

SPECTERS

HE'S GONE, KID.

I'M NOT LEAVING HIM!

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY IS GOING TO TELL THE OTHERS. YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.

I'LL BE FINE.

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU.

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?

SHE GOT FREE. SHE'S WITH SOME KID. THEY KILLED RAND AND SPAZ.

HOW THE FUCK-- NEVERMIND. YOU'RE USELESS!

GRAB MIKE AND SOME OF THE OTHERS AND GUARD THE MAIN GATE. WE CAN'T LET THAT BITCH ESCAPE!

THIS IS NUTS. WHY WOULD THE COURIER KILL COLVIN?

PROBABLY BECAUSE WE COULDN'T PAY HER.

HE'S GONNA CARVE HER UP.

WHAT THE--

GRGGL

FUCK!

SLASH

WHAT DO I OWE YOU FOR THE TIRE?

Y-YOU DON'T. HE WAS ABLE TO RE-PATCH IT, BUT YOU NEED A NEW TIRE AND WE DON'T GOT 'EM HERE...

ARE YOU GONNA USE THAT ON ME?

NO. HOW FAR WILL THE PATCH GET ME?

IT SHOULD GET YOU TO TAR HEEL IF YOU KEEP SLOW.

I DON'T HAVE THAT LUXURY.

ARTIE, NEED YOU TO POWER UP AND HELP ME GET OUT OF HERE.

VWOOOM

ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH THE MAIN GATE. THERE'S A BATCH OF SPECTERS GUARDING THE AREA.

WE'LL JUST NEED TO CREATE A DIVERSION.

DAMMIT.

WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M SORRY.

THE KID.

WHAT KID?

I CAN'T LEAVE HIM... I NEED YOU TO FIND SOMEONE.

FAN OUT AND LOOK FOR THEM.

I JUST FOUND ONE.

GOT A DEAD KID HERE, TOO.

YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE THE GIRL'S HIDING?

NO IDEA. SHE LEFT.

THEN WHAT DO I NEED YOU FOR?

UP HERE!

WHAT THE FUCK?

BLAM

MMMPH!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

THE KID'S ON THE RUN HEADED SOUTH. SPECTERS IN PURSUIT.

BLAM

WHERE IS HE?

FIFTY YARDS AHEAD.

SHOOT TO KILL!

WHIZZZ

SHIT. THAT WAS CLOSE.

BLAM

STAY ON THE KID. I'M GOING TO LOOP AROUND.

AS YOU WISH.

DON'T EVEN!

HOP ON.

IT'S ME OR THEM, KID.

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL.

ARTIE, HOW MANY WE GOT AT THE FRONT?

FOUR. ALL ARMED.

REACH IN THE BACK THERE AND GRAB THE SILVER CANNISTER.

THIS?

HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD ARM.

HOLD YOUR BREATH...

ARTIE, SHOW ME WHO I'M SHOOTING AT.

GONNA NEED THAT GUN BACK, KID.

THE GATE IS CLOSED, EVE.

OPEN THE GATE!

I CAN'T. THEY THREATENED US--

GODAMMIT! YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE TO DO THE RIGHT THING HERE.

HERE GOES NOTHING.

VROOOOOM! VROOOOM!

OPEN THE DAMN GATE!

JESUS. SHE AIN'T STOPPING.

GET YOUR BIKES AND LET'S MOVE. I WANT THEM DEAD BEFORE SUNDOWN.

V.P. 2ND RIDER

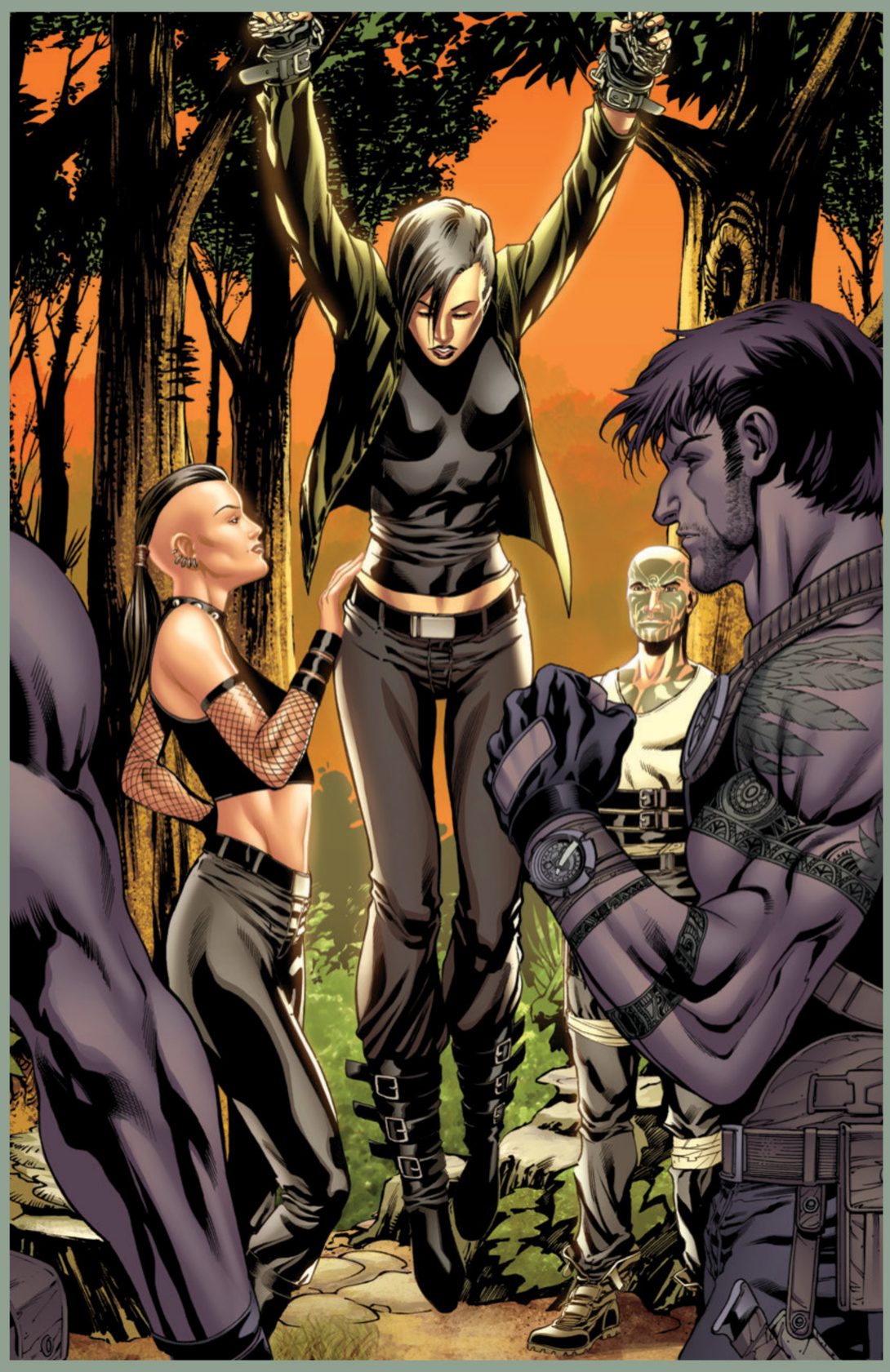
FIREWRAITH WILLOWISP

HOLD ON, KID. IT'S GONNA GET BUMPY.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #3 • COVER A

Artwork by Mike Capprotti



THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #3 • COVER B

Artwork by Robert Atkins • Colors by Wes Hartman

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #3 • COVER C

Artwork by Mike Krome • Colors by Ula Mos

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #3 • COVER D

Artwork by Drew Edward Johnson • Colors by Ceci de la Cruz

ISSUE FOUR

THE COURIER

RALPH TEDESCO J.G. MIRANDA BRYAN VALENZA

FROM THE ASHES

HOW YOU FEELING, MOM?

GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY... YOU WORKING TODAY?

GOTTA PAY THE BILLS.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR BROTHER?

HE'S ALREADY DOWN THERE.

KNOCK KNOCK

WHO'S THAT?

I ASKED DOCTOR PATEL TO COME BY TO CHECK ON YOU.

FRANKLIN, WE DON'T HAVE THOSE KIND OF CREDITS--

IT'S FINE. I'VE BEEN DOING OVERTIME... WE NEED TO GET YOU ON YOUR FEET.

KNOCK KNOCK

NO.

OPEN THE DOOR!

MOM. COME ON. YOU NEED TO GET UP...

WHAT'S GOING ON?

KNOCK KNOCK

BAM

DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

YOU CAN'T JUST COME IN HERE LIKE THIS!

LORNA WEATHERS, BY ORDER OF THE DIRECTOR, YOU'RE BEING REMOVED FROM THE SECTOR, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

SHE'S FINE. SHE'S GETTING BACK TO WORK NEXT WEEK. ASK DOCTOR PATEL.

ASK HIM YOURSELF.

DOCTOR PATEL...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'M SO SORRY...

LORNA, YOU'RE TERMINAL, AND WE'RE PAST THE ALLOTTED RECOVERY TIME--

ASSHOLE!

ZARK

MOM!

PULL THAT SHIT AGAIN AND WE'LL TOSS YOU, TOO.

IT'S OKAY, FRANKLIN. I'LL BE OKAY.

MOM! PLEASE DON'T TAKE HER. PLEASE!

WE NEED TO GO FASTER...

TIRE'S A PATCH. I CAN'T.

SHIT. THEY'LL CATCH US IN NO TIME.

I HAVE AN IDEA. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

HOW WE LOOKING, ARTIE?

PICK UP THE PACE.

THEY'RE RIGHT UP AHEAD.

I SEE 'EM.

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

THERE IT IS.

WHAT'S THERE?

PRIMALS.

SAY WHAT?

BLAM

COME ON...

WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING!?

GUESS SHE'S GIVING UP! LOOKING TO MAKE A DEAL MAYBE...

SPECTERS

SHE HAS NOTHING WE NEED.

BANG

I'M RIGHT HERE! COME ON!

BLAM

LET'S GO, MOTHERFUCKER! BRING YOUR FRIENDS AND GET ME!

THAT'S IT...

HURRY UP!!

REVVVV REVVV

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU--

YOU BASTARDS HUNGRY?

SHIT!

THIS WAS THE PLAN, RIGHT?

GO!

PRIMALS!

BLAM

AAAAAH!

BLAM

BLAM

OH GOD!!!

NASIÓ PA MATA

BLAM

BLAM

LET'S GO!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!?

WE NEED ANOTHER BIKE!

BLAM

Two hours later

MAKE A RIGHT IN A HALF MILE. THERE'S AN AREA WHERE YOU CAN STOP AND REST UP.

WE'RE TURNING UP HERE!

WE CAN HIDE THE BIKES BACK HERE.

ARTIE, HOW WE LOOKING?

THE HOUSE IS CLEAR.

HERE.

YOUR NAME'S FRANKLIN, RIGHT?

YEAH.

I'M EVE. FRIENDS USUALLY CALL ME HARPER.

SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, EVE?

FAIR ENOUGH...

I'M GONNA HEAD NORTH. GET ACCESS TO ONE OF THE SECTORS UP THERE. MAYBE KEYSTONE.

YOU CAN GET INTO ANY SECTOR YOU WANT?

ONE OF THE PERKS OF BEING A COURIER. WE GET ACCESS TO ALL THE STRONGHOLDS.

DOWNSIDE IS, WE'RE USUALLY DEAD WITHIN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

BUT NOT YOU...

I'M GOING ON TEN YEARS OF THIS SHIT. BUT I GOT ARTIE WATCHING MY BACK. LITTLE BASTARD COST ME A LOT OF CREDITS.

I NEED TO GET INTO TAR HEEL.

I CAN'T GO BACK TO TAR HEEL. NOT WITHOUT THE MONEY I OWE MY HANDLER.

BESIDES, IT'S ONE OF THE STRICTEST SECTORS THERE IS. YOU CAN'T GET IN.

MY FAMILY'S THERE... WHAT'S LEFT OF IT ANYWAY.

WHY WERE YOU STAYING AT THAT COMMUNE?

TAR HEEL TOSSED MY MOM OUT BECAUSE SHE WAS SICK AND COULDN'T WORK. I LEFT TO TAKE CARE OF HER.

SHE PASSED THREE MONTHS AGO.

AND YOU COULDN'T GET BACK IN...

NOPE. TAR HEEL IS FILLED TO THE BRINK. BUT MY BROTHER AND SISTER ARE STILL THERE.

I REALLY NEED TO SEE THEM.

THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW SHE'S DEAD.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR MOTHER... AND ABOUT YOUR FRIEND TODAY.

YOU HAVE FAMILY?

A BROTHER.

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WOULDN'T DO FOR HIM?

I HAVE NO USE FOR EITHER OF YOU.

YOU'RE A HUNDRED POUNDS SOAKING WET AND YOUR LITTLE BROTHER... HE RETARDED OR SOMETHING?

NO. HE JUST DOESN'T TALK MUCH.

MINE'S THE OPPOSITE. HE WON'T SHUT THE FUCK UP.

THE TURD WENT AND GOT HIMSELF LOCKED UP FOR DISORDERLY IN SECTOR 2. WON'T BE SEEING HIM FOR A COUPLE YEARS.

SO YOU'RE SHORT A MAN.

KEY WORD: MAN. NOT "LITTLE GIRL."

YAAAH!

ENOUGH!

I GET IT. YOU'RE ONE TOUGH GIRL. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT...

I CAN FIGHT AND I CAN RIDE...

FINE. I CAN USE SOMEONE TO HELP OUT ON SOME RUNS. IT'LL PUT SOME MONEY IN YOUR POCKET. BUT YOU GET KILLED, IT'S NOT ON MY CONSCIENCE.

I WANT PROTECTION FOR HIM. HE'S NOT A FIGHTER.

NOT LIKE YOU, HUH?

I KNOW A GUY IN KEYSTONE. HE'LL PUT HIM TO WORK. KEEP HIM SAFE.

DEAL.

FRANKLIN?

DID YOU SEE FRANKLIN LEAVE?

HE RECORDED THIS.

I'M GOING TO TAR HEEL. TRY AND STAY ALIVE SO LUCAS DIDN'T DIE FOR NOTHING... SEE YOU WHEN I SEE YOU, HARPER.

STUPID KID.

BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP

LOW BAT

OF ALL THE BIKES, I GRAB THE PIECE OF SHIT!

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRR

NNRRR

NNRRR

WELL LOOK WHAT WE GOT HERE.

FUCK.

NNRRRRRRR

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #4 • COVER A

Artwork by Drew Edward Johnson • Colors by Ceci de la Cruz

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #4 • COVER B

Artwork by J.G. Miranda • Colors by Grostieta

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #4 • COVER C

Artwork by Ruiz Burgos

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #4 • COVER D

Artwork by Jason Metcalf • Colors by Sanju Nivangune

ISSUE **FIVE**

THE COURIER

RALPH **TEDESCO** J.G. **MIRANDA** BRYAN **VALENZA**

FROM THE ASHES

HEY KID...

DID YOU MISS US?

YOU WANT HIM DEAD, BOSS?

WAIT!

WE HAVE A BETTER IDEA.

THEY'RE HEADING WEST WITH FRANKLIN...

THERE ARE NO STRONGHOLDS FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES IN THAT DIRECTION.

ARTIE, HOW FAR TO THE CLOSEST COMMUNE DUE WEST?

TWENTY THREE MILES IF THEY MAINTAIN THEIR CURRENT HEADING.

WHICH COMMUNE?

THE DIVINITY.

THAT'S NOT GOOD.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

FOLLOW.

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

NNRRRRRRR

THE DIVINITY

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HERE.

YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON DIVINITY GROUNDS.

WE CAME TO MAKE A DEAL.

FOR HIM.

COME. JUST YOU TWO.

SHE'S MY PARTNER.

FINE. BUT THE GUNS STAY HERE.

DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA. THESE GUYS ARE FUCKING NUTS.

WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE, YOU OR ME?

MOVE IT.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?

EXCITING, AIN'T IT, KID?

WHY DO YOU COME HERE UNINVITED?

WE HAVE A TRADE OFFER.

GOOD.

AND THE GIRL...

SHE'S WITH ME.

I'LL GIVE MORE FOR HER.

NOT NEGOTIABLE.

GIVE HIM TWELVE HUNDRED FOR BOTH.

WHAT? NO!

YOU HEARD HIM. I'M NOT PART OF THIS!

LISTEN--

YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE IS NO NEGOTIATION HERE.

YOU LEAVE ALONE WITH TWELVE HUNDRED, OR NONE OF YOU LEAVE.

NO! JANSEN! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE!

I'M SORRY.

JANSEN!!

HERE!

JANSEN!!!

WHERE'S KIT?

SHE'S GONE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE'S GONE?

SHE'S GONE! FUCK!

LOOKS LIKE THEY MADE A DEAL.

ARTIE, YOU UP FOR AN ADVENTURE?

I'M GOING AFTER FRANKLIN. AND YOU'RE GOING AFTER SOMETHING ELSE.

DO I HAVE A CHOICE?

WHY DOES THIS SOUND LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A BAD IDEA?

BECAUSE IT IS.

FIRST, I NEED YOU TO SCAN THE DIVINITY COMPOUND AND FIND ME A WAY IN.

DID I SAY EXTREMELY BAD IDEA?

GET CHARGED UP.

WHERE THE HELL IS THIS OPENING, ARTIE?

KEEP LOOKING ON THE SOUTH SIDE ABOUT 50 YARDS UP. IT'S TIGHT, BUT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WEDGE THROUGH THERE.

I SEE IT.

FRANKLIN IS BEING HELD IN THE THIRD HOUSE ON THE RIGHT.

YOU KNOW, EVERY NOW AND THEN I'M GLAD I PURCHASED YOU.

THAT MAY BE THE NICEST THING YOU'VE EVER SAID TO ME... OR TO ANYONE.

DON'T GET USED TO IT.

MFF!

SHUNK

HOW ARE THINGS LOOKING FOR YOU?

THEY'RE CAMPED OUT A FEW MILES FROM YOU. I'M APPROACHING NOW.

MAKE SURE YOU GET BOTH PACKAGES. BE QUIET AS A MOUSE OUT THERE.

YOU KNOW, IT IS THE REASON I HAVE STEALTH MODE.

YOU'RE A BRAT.

I WANT OUT

SHE DID TOO

DIE DIE DIE

WHO'S THERE?

I WAS ONCE LIKE YOU
YOU WILL BE LIKE ME

KILL ME

MERCY PLEASE

MERCY

MERCY

HELP US. YOU MUST HELP US!

FRANKLIN. ARE YOU OKAY?

EVE..?

THEY DIDN'T... DO ANYTHING TO YOU, DID THEY?

NO. JUST TO THE GIRL.

I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE.

JUST KILL ME... PLEASE.

I... I CAN'T.

WE NEED TO MOVE.

WHAT THE FUCK?

SHOOT THAT THING!

THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME.

MEET AT THE RENDEZVOUS POINT.

ARTIE, COME IN. I'M HERE.

I'M CLOSE. THEY'RE NOT FAR BEHIND.

OKAY. JUST STICK TO THE BACKUP PLAN.

WHAT'S THE BACKUP PLAN?

YOU HAVE THE OTHER?

SURE DO.

HEAD TO TAR HEEL WITH ARTIE. ASK FOR JERROD AND ONLY JERROD. TELL HIM I SENT YOU. MY CODE PHRASE IS "ENTER THE DRAGON." DON'T ASK... GIVE HIM THE PACKAGES AND TELL HIM YOU NEED PASSAGE. HE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

WE CAN'T OUTRUN THEM ON THIS BAD TIRE. AND YOU DON'T GET INTO TAR HEEL WITHOUT ENOUGH CREDITS.

GOTTA MOVE, EVE.

MAKE SURE YOU TAKE CARE OF ARTIE AND MY BIKE WHILE I'M GONE.

NO. GET ON AND LET'S JUST--

THERE'S NO TIME, FRANKLIN! GO TO YOUR FAMILY. BE THERE FOR THEM.

THANK YOU.

WHERE THE FUCK IS MY STUFF!?

SAFE.

YOU HAVE THOUSANDS OF CREDITS WORTH OF MY SHIT. I'M NOT PLAYING GAMES WITH YOU--

I DON'T THINK ANY OF IT WAS YOURS TO BEGIN WITH. YOU STOLE FROM THE NATIVES AND YOU SOLD FRANKLIN AND YOUR GIRLFRIEND TO THE DIVINITY.

GIVE ME MY BAGS! THIS AIN'T A SUGGESTION.

DO THEY ALL KNOW THE TRUTH?

THAT YOU KILLED MY BROTHER... YEAH. THEY KNOW.

YOU REMEMBER ME, ANT?

YEAH. YOU DID SOME RUNS FOR COLVIN WHEN YOU WERE A KID. SO?

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID FOR MY BROTHER. HOW HE HELPED ME WHEN I NEEDED IT. IT'S WHY I TOOK THE RISK GETTING HIM THE MEDS. IT WASN'T ABOUT THE CREDITS.

WHAT MAKES MORE SENSE? I KILLED COLVIN FOR NO REASON, OR JANSEN DID IT BECAUSE COLVIN WAS ONTO HIS DRUG ADDICTION--

ENOUGH!

LAST CHANCE... WHERE'S MY STUFF?

HOLD ON, JANSEN!

YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF HER TELLING US?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

GETTING THE TRUTH.

I'M DONE PLAYING GAMES.

THUMP

AAARRGG!!

YOU AND ME.

I'M GONNA GUT YOU.

KRAK

SHRAK

THE STASH YOU TOOK FROM THE NATIVES WILL BE IN TAR HEEL. JERROD WILL HAVE IT FOR YOU. HE'LL TAKE OUT WHATEVER HE NEEDS TO PAY HIS CLIENT FOR THE MEDS AND THE COST FOR THE KID TO GET PASSAGE. THE REST IS YOURS.

I'M READY.

NAH. TODAY'S NOT YOUR DAY TO DIE, HARPER.

YOU CAN TAKE HIS BIKE. HE WON'T BE NEEDING IT.

GLAD YOU'RE HOME.

ME TOO.

THE END FOR NOW.

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #5 • COVER A

Artwork by Sheldon Goh • Colors by Ylenia Di Napoli

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #5 • COVER B

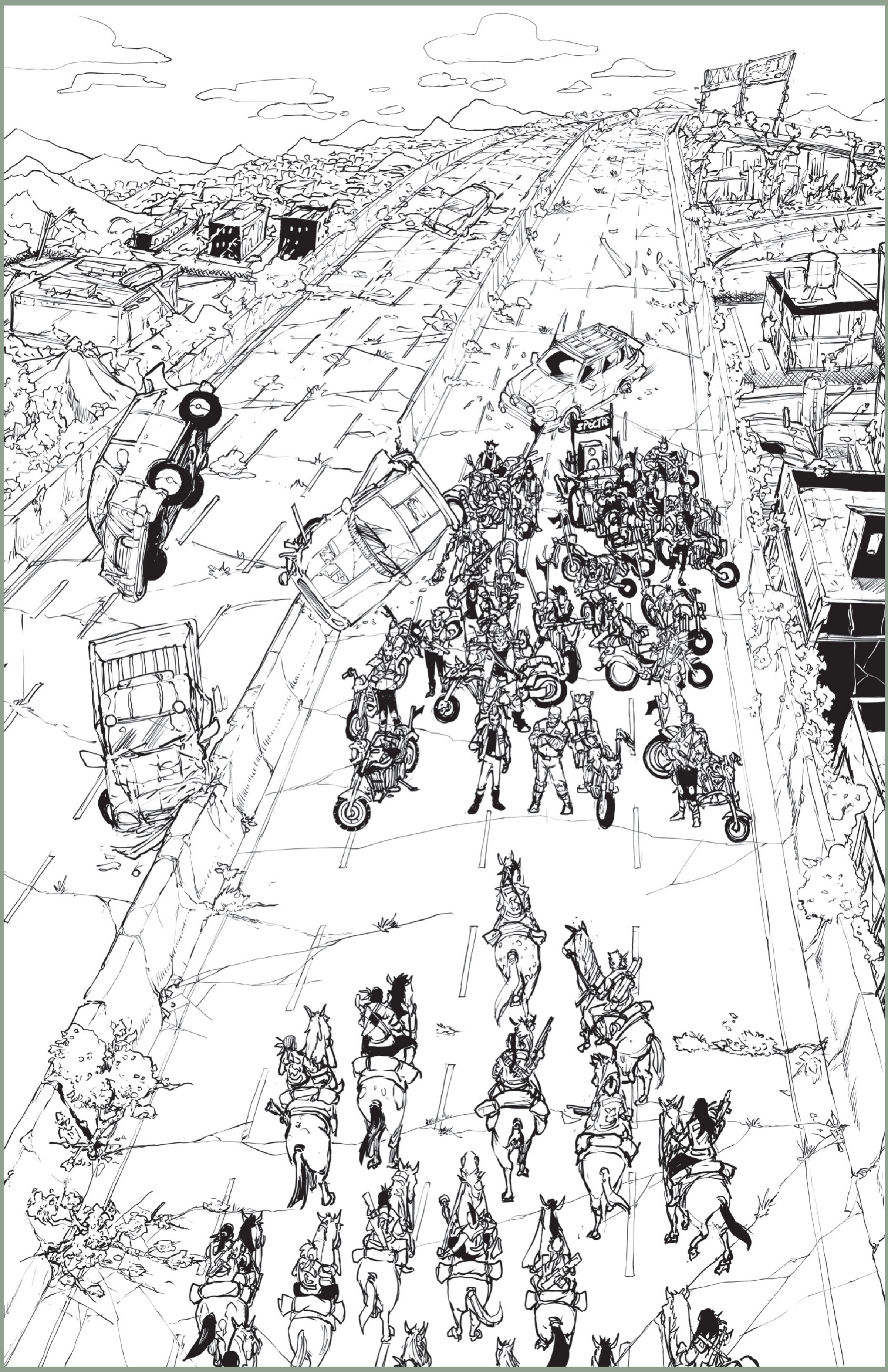
Artwork by Leonardo Colapietro

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #5 • COVER C

Artwork by Sabine Rich

THE COURIER: FROM THE ASHES #5 • COVER D

Artwork by Harvey Tolibao • Colors by Vinicius Andrade



Interior Artwork by J.G. Miranda

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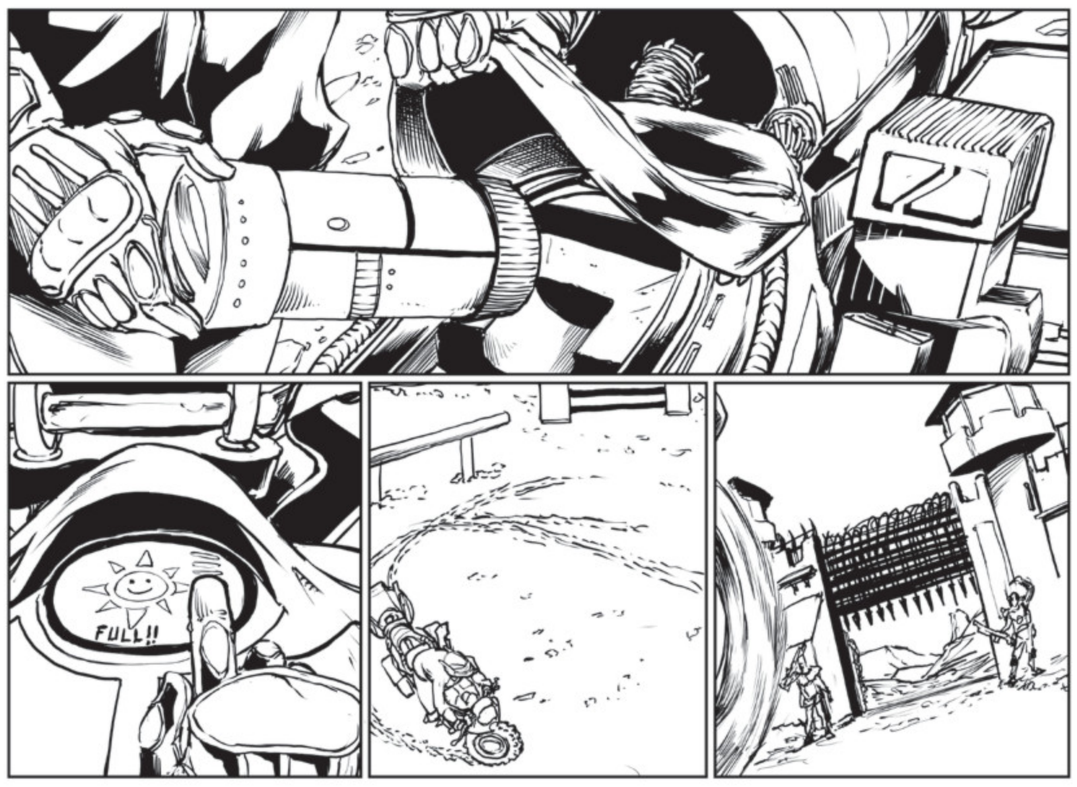
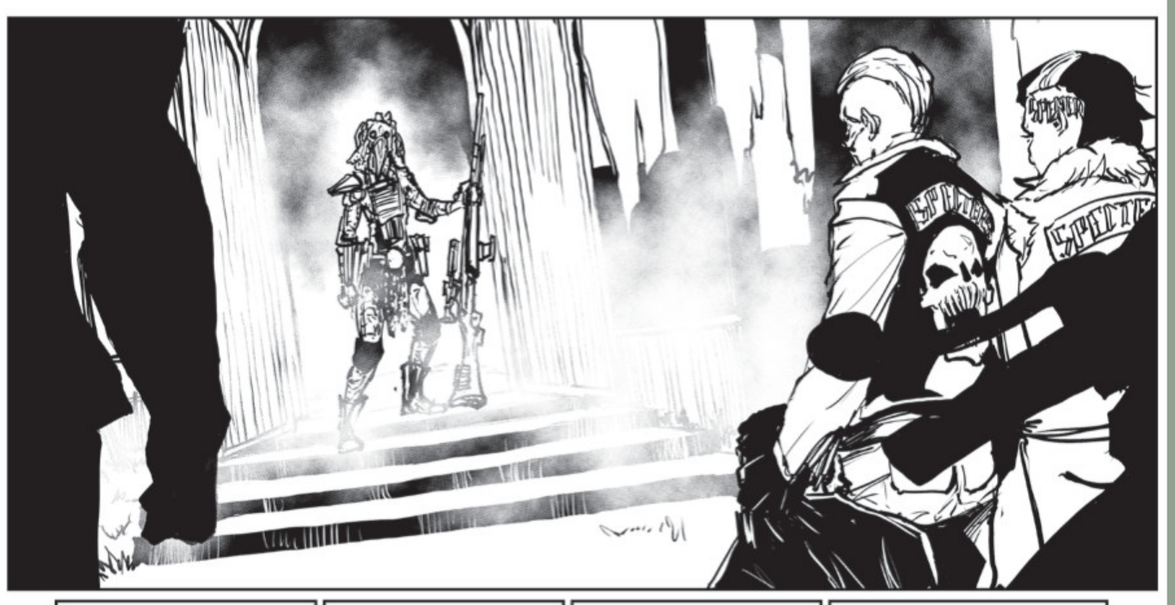


Interior Artwork by J.G. Miranda

NÁSIO
PA MATA



THE COURIER

FROM THE ASHES